

Looking up between her two deadly arms I saw the mountains floundering lustily around the valley.

— I have never been able to endure the mountains embrace each other, I cried. The mist steamed up from their green arm-pits.

— I shall never be alone. I am the white foam of the long cataract which from beginning to end is not the color of water.

— Forgive me. This gesture of my hands was to crush yesterday the bald head of the man which is the prow of a ship with warts upon it. But from his ears the anchor falls twice about his nose and it all leans forward with an incorrigible momentum.